

MONDAY EVENING,
JANUARY 9, 1905.

POST-DISPATCH'S EDITORIAL PAGE AND ANSWERS

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
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"FIRST IN EVERYTHING"

20,000 More Post-Dispatches
sold in St. Louis
every day than
there are homes in the city.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION
ENTIRE YEAR 1904

Sunday - - 225,837
Daily - - - 148,833

Biggest West of the Mississippi.

Why not put Vulcan in the Coliseum?

Reform is coming to Missouri in Tubbs.

The name Niedringhaus signifies lower house, but he goes to the upper house.

It is still so early in the year that the water wagon may be mistaken for the milk wagon.

LET ALL ST. LOUISANS ENLIST.

Why limit the membership of the Million Club to the officers of the clubs and business associations now existing in the city? Would it not be a good plan to open its membership to all intelligent citizens who want to co-operate in the objects of the club and are willing to pay a small annual fee, which in the aggregate would amount to a large sum?

There is strength in numbers. There is greater strength in the unity of great numbers in a common purpose. How could the citizens of St. Louis better be united in the purpose of promoting their common interests in the city than by bringing them into active co-operation with each other in the Million Club?

The greater the number of St. Louisans who concentrate their energies in the work of the club the quicker will the desired result be achieved.

The end of the World's Fair did not prevent an increase of \$24,375.21 in St. Louis postoffice December sales of stamps, envelopes, etc., over the figures of December, 1903.

AN AVERTED CALAMITY IN COLORADO.

Due process of law has gained a notable victory in Colorado. By the action of some of the Republican legislators in voting with Democrats, Mr. Adams will be seated as governor and Gov. Peabody may contest the election. This looks like an honest settlement. Mr. Adams was clearly elected on the face of the returns. If this result was accomplished by fraud, the fraud should be proved. Until it is proved Mr. Adams is plainly entitled to the office.

The refusal of the New York Board of Education to return to corporal punishment is enthusiastically indorsed by the American small boy.

THE YELLOW PERIL

In an acute analysis of Oriental conditions, in the current North American, Prof. Paul Reinsch of the University of Wisconsin points out the real "yellow peril." The real source of this peril is "in the Russian absolutist party, who are looking for an indefinite lease of power from Oriental Asia; we shall find it in the imperialistic imagination of Kaiser Wilhelm, who is trembling for Kiaochow, while he makes himself believe that he is trembling for Europe; we shall find it in the French desire to expand the Indo-Chinese sphere; in the capitalist system, which is ready to destroy the character of Oriental life and industry and transform the past masses of the Orient into competitors to our own laborers." Mr. Reinsch warns the western nations that they must not attempt to annihilate the effect of Japanese victory in this war as they did in 1895. If they do the Oriental world will realize that safety lies in "stubborn fierce resistance." The truth which Mr. Reinsch emphasizes is that "there is no irrepressible conflict between Oriental and western civilizations."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Complaints, suggestions or advice, on subjects of interest, will be printed in this department. Do not exceed 100 words. Write on one side of paper and leave space at top for heading.

Old Age Pensions.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
I see one who signs himself as Reader is trying to have the people favor a special tax for the maintenance of people at the age of 65 years. Any man with a good estate knows that a tax set aside for that purpose would be a menace to society. We would have nothing but paupers on our hands. A man would not strive to save a dollar, knowing he would be pensioned at 65.

I have an uncle in New Jersey aged 90 years, in his first year that works every day in a blacksmith shop. My father worked every day in the iron-rolling business until he was 70 years old. He died from gangrene caused during the war—old army disease—from an amputation of his leg. I have an aunt in her 80th year that can do all the housework. My grandfather died at 100 years from a cancer, my grandmother died at 90 years from injuries. You say a man should be pensioned at 65. If a man is broken up at 60 it is his own fault; he violates the laws of nature. Give me a rest about a man being old at 75 years; I have one uncle, 70, who paints houses on scaffolds and extension ladders. W. E. P.

A Suggestion to Investors.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
Let me suggest an investment to your correspondent, John Jones, who recently asked what to do with \$2000 for which he is at present getting only 3 per cent.
With the \$2000 he can buy a respectable flat building, for \$2000, borrowing the other \$3000 at 5 per cent interest. Such a building, of two detached flats, at a low estimate, produces an income of \$40 per month or \$480 a year, at rentals as low as they were three years ago.
His taxes will be about \$50 per year; interest on the \$2000, \$100 a year; and he will have \$330 a year for repairs and such. His property will not depreciate.

On the contrary, they are complementary to each other, not competitive.

There is a growing belief in the United States that this is the correct view and that any aggression, either in a military interest or for the sake of commercial advantage is a blunder of the first magnitude. We have learned in recent years that the Japanese and Chinese have a civilization, vital, humane and beautiful. And they will defend it if need be with all the resources of the practical intelligence which has been so much in evidence during the past 11 months. The western nations should remember the warning uttered 2000 years ago: "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." The Orientals ask for peace; if we force war upon them the consequences may be as ugly as ever the Kaiser imagined in his dream of the yellow peril.

Schilling, who tried to walk around the world in seven years, wore out 160 pairs of shoes. He couldn't always get the St. Louis brands.

MR. ROOSEVELT NOT VOTING.

The President's tariff conference came to naught. Speaker Cannon, Senator Platt of Connecticut and Representatives Dingley and Grosvenor proposed a special session of Congress to revise the Dingley schedules. Senators Aldrich, Allison and Spooner, with Representative Tawney, favored a readjustment of the Dingley rates. Sen. E. Payne, chairman of the House committee on ways and means, wobbled.

But how about the President? Why did he not break the deadlock instead of declining to vote?

Lincoln once presented an important policy to his cabinet and announced his intention of taking a vote.

"All in favor will say aye," said the President. "Aye," responded Mr. Lincoln. "All opposed will say no," continued the President. "No," exclaimed the cabinet. "The ayes have it, gentlemen," declared the President, with a smile.

Had Mr. Roosevelt voted "aye" at Saturday's conference the "ayes" would have it, regardless of how anybody else voted, and the Dingley schedules would be revised.

The easiest and best way for the President to dispose of the issue as it has now shaped itself is to call a special session of Congress to revise the Dingley rates and trust public opinion to do the rest. Mr. Roosevelt is at his best when he leads, not when he tries to follow the politicians of his party.

Kissing, according to the verdict of a French specialist, far from being a hurtful process, leads to a helpful and healthful exchange of microbes. Trust that dear Paris to score ever heavily on the popular side of a throbbling issue.

Bloomsburg, Pa., has a hen that lays two eggs a day. Has President Roosevelt been notified?

Now that Port Arthur has fallen, Kuropatkin might go to the relief of St. Petersburg.

POST-DISPATCH ANSWERS

Legal questions not answered. Business addresses not given. No hints disclosed. Write but one question. Sign but one initial. Address all questions, "Answers, Post-Dispatch, City." Use postal cards if convenient.

J. W.—Nov. 22, 1887, was Friday.

M. G.—Easter Sunday, 1905, April 23.

W. F. B.—Ephraim will be here in the head, multiplying.

Y. Z.—Write Congressman John T. Hunt.

READER.—Union Station opened Sept. 2, 1894.

R. P. M.—Write secretary of state, Indianapolis.

FRANK W. S.—McKinley or Carroll night school.

WAGEMAN.—Col. Kerens is a member of Rock Church.

SBERING.—Cullom is credited with interstate commerce act.

A. B.—Civil service information, old postoffice, Third and Olive.

E. J. K.—C before M being 900, MCMV is the shortest Roman notation for 1905.

B.—Gen. Miles could not have been promoted from lieutenant-general to general except by act of Congress.

RUD.—Geographical center of United States is in Kansas; center of population, five miles southwest of Columbus, Ind.

In Hen. Mar's barn lot.

B. C.—Lorenz Stewart writes that Ed O'Keefe, slayer of Bob Ford, was released from Canyon City Prison in 1902, sentence having been commuted to 14 years.

H. T. M.—A common assault and battery is not punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. An assault with intent to kill or to do great bodily harm may be punished in the penitentiary. Whether or not the victim wears glasses is immaterial.

C.—The amount of pressure is equal to the product of the area, in inches, of the pressure per inch. To give the face a conical, corrugated, or any other form neither increases nor decreases this total.

J. J. P.—Unnaturally red hands indicate impaired digestion or deficient circulation. If faithful use of creams fails to whiten them, this is a warning that you are overdoing the best. One ounce pure oxide of zinc, four ounces rose water, one dram glycerin and 15 drops of essence of rose, rubbed in with soft soap or washing them in sugar and cornmeal will keep them soft.

COIN PREMIUMS—PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

PREMIUM—A. L. T., 10 cents; Geo. R. M. J. Triles; Richmond; Rox; W. L. P.; X. Y. Z.

Alas for our little romances! Mme Melba's name used to be Nellie Mitchell, and she has a son who is old enough to vote, and his name is Charles Armstrong.

World's Fair visitors paid \$2,693,690 in street car fares and some of them got seats.

Snide Lights on History.

When Sir John Mandeville returned from his first voyage he told his friends about a monstrous griffin that had attacked him in the wilds of Asia Minor.

"Why," said, "its neck was at least 300 feet long, and when I severed it with my trusty blade it took me twenty minutes, so thick was it."

But his auditors refused to believe it possible for Sir John to have performed this wondrous feat of himself alone, unaided by supernatural powers.

"Johnny," they cried, "you are certainly a hero; you went out and wept bitterly."

Henry VIII had just executed another of his victims.

"It's unpleasant," he remarked to Cardinal Wolsey, "but it is cheaper to buy funerals than pay alms."

And he went home to dress for the wedding.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A man can go on loving a good deal longer than he can go on making love.

A man who thinks he understands women is just as likely as not to invest his money in a perpetual motion invention.

A man doesn't want to give his photograph to a girl and pretend he does; a girl wants to and pretends she doesn't.

It's awfully nice the way a girl's hand can seem to be getting away from yours, and yet at the same time be snuggling in closer.

A girl is never sure she was a success at a ball unless some man tries to get her off in a crowded corner where she ought not to be.—New York Press.

Price of Theater Seats.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

If the prices of gallery seats at the high-class theaters were reduced they would be like the rest of the cheap theaters of St. Louis. Twenty-five cents is not too much for any high-class theater, and instead of decreasing the high gallery they ought to increase the cheap theater gallery seats.

A Fine World's Fair Group.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

In a conversation with Park Commissioner Robert Smith, he asked him to try the preservation of the "Cowboys" in the "Cowboy" gallery.

He agreed with me and urged the matter.

A. A. NOONAN.

JUST FOR
A MINUTE
Post-Dispatch
Verse
and
Humor

Something Doing.

Little Willie Katzenjammer
Played a rude joke on his mommer.
When the meat was in the skillet,
What did William do but spill it.
Making bottom side the upper.
So they had no meat for supper.
Willie now—beware such pranks!
Can't sit down to read the papers.

Little Peter Pumpnickel
Stole a large cucumber pickle.
Gave it, with a flattering promise,
To his cat—a husky Thomas.
Thomas tore the room to flinders.
Ripped the curtains from the winders.
When he hit into the pickle,
"Grac!" cried Peter Pumpnickel.

Little Izzy Tickleheimer
Said his dad was an old-timer.
Stuck a pin into his vesture.
That provoked an angry gesture.
"Now," exclaimed the eager Izzy,
"See him get up and get busy!"
"Yes," said Tickleheimer, "dad'll
Now get busy with a paddle!"

Little Tony Vermicelli
Stole a lot of jam and jelly;
Threw 'em right into his system.
Long before his mother missed 'em.
"Hold," cried Tony, "for my stomach's
Liable to go kerfummux.
If you kick me in the short-ribs!"
Foxy Tony Vermicelli!

Johnnie Jimpsonweed on Cigarettes.

Cigarettes is sometimes called coffin-tax, but I think this is a joke. These days the preacher tried too scarce me by saying that I wud either dye or gro up short if I kept on smoking cigarettes and cigars.

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A MOMENT'S MERRIMENT

Justifiable Error.

French Spoken Here.



Mr. Kicker: Madge, what on earth are you doing with that Christmas wreath? Mrs. Kicker: Why, George, that is not a Christmas wreath. It is my new hat—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Hard Reading.



"His only books were women's looks."—Philadelphia Telegraph.



Gave the Bride Away.

"Er—waiter, apportez moi un—er—O, you sarte of Paris, but Gen. Jackson was not without detractors while he was living and at the height of his power, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the anvil chorus is busy, now that he is no longer here to defend himself; but the cheap knockers who scornfully ask today, 'Who was Andrew Jackson, anyway?' would have made a run for the tall grass had they seen him coming down the thoroughfare with his grizzled pompadour sticking straight up when he was in his prime. He would have showed them who Andrew Jackson was, all right, and he was not from Missouri, either. The loyal citizens who will assemble around the banquet board tonight will delight in doing honor to 'Old Hickory,' who always handed out his language with the bark on, and to whom his enemies were want the knowing ones call nuts."

He: Did the bride's father give her away? She: Well, I should say that he did. He told at least three of the wedding guests how old she was.—Chicago Journal.

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MYRA, THE ROMANCE OF A SHOE GIRL, BY IVAN WHIN

A story of St. Louis people and places, running from Monday to Sunday
exclusively in the Post-Dispatch.

QUEST THE REAL NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS.

CHAPTER I.

An Automobile Flirtation.

S O COLD was the wind that men and girls hurrying to work kept close to the houses, crossed intersecting streets on a run and wondered if they would ever reach the factory where shelter and warmth awaited them.

Snow was falling with this persistence and the accumulation on the street flowed like water currents before the wind or mounted suddenly on a gust in smoky wreaths.

A slender girl, her skirts whipped and tangled about her, leaped panting against a house. She had fought the cold and the wind for ten blocks and her destination was three blocks away. The jacket she had thought so warm and the knitted scarf about her head seemed the slightest of protection. She had lost courage and a panic of fear that her feet and hands were frozen possessed her.

A few feet away from her position some stone steps projected from the building. They afforded her a slight protection and as they led to a doorway she thought vaguely of knocking or ringing there and asking for a moment's shelter and warmth.

When her skirts were untwisted and her breath came regularly courage returned. She smiled at her panic, clutched the skirts tightly and with a merry "Here goes for another try," set vigorously forth in the teeth of the wind.

An automobile stopped by and the visored chauffeur—a masked mummy of a man—waved a hand to her. She was making a good fight of it against the wind, but she longed for the ease of that swift going machine. She waved her hand in return and then thinking of what her mother would say and had said of flirtations, she tried to cover the gesture with a pretense of arranging the scarf about her head.

The man in the automobile may have seen through the pretense and may have been too bold to need a response. He turned the machine and ran back to the curb near her.

"Oh, there, little girl, too cold for a stroll this morning. Get in and I'll take you anywhere." His eyes behind the great goggles were pleasant and there were lines of laughter about his mouth.

She could never tell afterward how it happened, but not an instant seemed to have elapsed between his first words and finding herself snugly tucked up in rugs by his side in the deep comfortable seat of the automobile.

The great sheet of mica which protected the chauffeur's view of the street bent inward as they rushed along and she watched it fascinated, wondering who and of what it might be and if it would break.

They passed a factory at railroad speed and she cried out in alarm.

"All safe," said her companion. "Not a thing in sight. Where shall I take you?"

"Oh, you've passed it. I must go back—back to the—"

"Well, back where? To the what?" he said slowing down and looking at her quickly.

What seemed to her absurd to be going to work at Henry's Shoe Factory in an automobile and it was that quick thought that checked her speech.

"Let me out here, please. I'll walk back. I'll have the wind at my back and I shan't mind. Thanks—I mean thank you ever so much for your kindness."

"No you won't walk back. Say where and there we are."

She looked into those green goggles and said, "I work in the shoe factory and I wouldn't be seen riding up to the door in an automobile."

He had turned the machine and stopped it. "No," he said gravely. "The girl would talk, wouldn't they? Well, I'm sorry the world is so bad. But goodbye, little girl. I wish I could take you farther. Won't you tell me your name?"

She was out of the machine in a moment. "Can't you guess, Mr. Van Pelt? Tom Barton says: 'Clark Van Pelt always knows what a fellow is thinking.'"

She was gone. Clark Van Pelt touched the lever as if to follow, but changed his mind, turned the machine and rushed away in the other direction.

"That's easy," he said. "She's the prettiest shoe girl I ever saw. She works in Henry's factory and Tom Barton knows her."

Clark Van Pelt passed for a man of wealth. He was a member of clubs where only the rich were tolerated. An acquaintance had called him "the best clubbed man in St. Louis." He had horses of surpassing cleverness that won blue ribbons in the horse shows and speedy roadsters that were now growing stiff from lack of exercise because his fast was automobiles. When the mood was on him he played golf for medals and cups, billiards and pool for the prizes of club tournaments, raced his steam launch on the river to win wagers made on nights when there was more wine than play in the card room. He was seen much in society with debutantes and smart young matrons.

For all his appearance of wealth there were men who doubted. They noted that he nearly always came when he bet, that while he never really defaulted, he was frequently slow in remembering such debts if he lost. They noted, too, that he was not always to be found in the social circle which welcomed him or at his home and that he explained his absences by vague references to "business" and sudden journeys to unnamed places.

Amiable, big, strong and handsome the women found him. Men knew he had a fiery temper, small courtesy toward women and that he preferred to play cards with high stakes with the recently loaded of the very rich. Men and women noted that his life was devoted to pleasure and that he was inconstant in his friendships and given to fads.

His latest fad was the most amusing his friends could remember. He had announced himself a candidate for election to the House of Delegates from the Sixteenth ward.

He laughed as his friends laughed, and then asked: "Why not?"

"Oh, if it was for Congress that we were so bad," Mrs. de Baliviera had said. "Can't get that," he said. "The House of Delegates is a probability and over

What character in this story do you like best?

Whom would you like to see her marry?

Would you like to see her marry Gordon?

Would it be better for her to marry Gordon for love or Clark Van Pelt for money?

How will the story end?

Write to Ivan Whin, care of the Post-Dispatch.

Folk turned it upside down I've had a long time to get in there, to be on the inside and see how things are done. The campaign is full of fun, too. I couldn't begin to make you understand the fun I have had and the election is a month away. I'm making a long campaign and a happy one."

He was unusually constant to this fact, perhaps because he had met much opposition. In the beginning the men he had been told to "see," said briefly, "Where's the stuff?" and he had given them money liberally for a candidate who sought such popularity he expected, indeed the workers became wary and were evidently alarmed.

It was not until he had a long talk with Tom Barton in the back room of Noland's that the change came. Barton was the power behind the men who ran the ward; he was the quiet boss and when he was satisfied the others had to be.

Van Pelt was thinking of Barton as the automobile hurried him away from the shoe factory and of an engagement he had made with Barton to meet some of the men of the ward who could not be seen in the back rooms of saloons.

Suddenly he stopped the machine. "George," he said or words to that effect.

"We were to go to Henry's shoe factory. What luck! I wish I had got a little sleep last night instead of staying with that bunch till daylight. Let's see the time. Seven fifteen. Barton said to come around early and I'll do it."

It was near noon when dainty Fanny Adams, whom everyone called "Frank," checked a nimble-fingered girl at her task in the factory with a whisper:

"Myra, you've struck him all in a heap. My word but he's handsome!"

Myra Lambert looked to see Clark Van Pelt smiling at her. She blushed and dropped her eyes, too shyly remembering the brief, but glorious, ride in the automobile and recognizing the pleasant eyes which goggled had not whiffed him.

She dropped her work in embarrassment; other girls were looking curiously at her and at Van Pelt. Tom Barton was smiling at her, big florid Tom, whose small blue eyes were almost lost in the rolls of flesh the smile pinched about them. Over Van Pelt's shoulder she could see Mat Gordon, who did not seem pleased to see her flaming face. In a moment she controlled herself, and, picking up her shoe, went quietly on with her work.

"You should not come here," she said, and tried to be indignant, but the big

"Some friend of Tom Barton's?" she asked Frank Adams in an undertone.

"Tom Barton? Well, you are cool," the spoilt child of the shoe returned, "friend of your own. Where can I catch him? My, but he's swell!"

The group of men moved on. "Pretty little thing," Van Pelt remarked.

Gordon's face hardened. "You are fond of machinery, then," he said purposely misunderstanding and assuming that Van Pelt referred to a delicate machine they had recently examined.

"Yes, but I meant the girl with big brown eyes and that wonderful mop of dusty red hair. Who is she, Tom?"

Gordon's face was "dusky red" and he tried to change the current of talk to machines, but Van Pelt was listening to Barton.

"You mean the bigger one with the saucer eyes. Frank Adams is my style. She's the little blonde. The one with red hair is Myra Lambert; father's dead; used to keep a watch store on Vandeventer; good man, but couldn't make money. Myra's fast and good, isn't she, Gordon?"

"Best in the shop," said that young man hoping the conversation would change.

"Right," continued Barton. Frank's style, but she's a week behind Myra, who's keeping company with Gordon here and—"

"H—," said that wrathful young man, "let our girls alone. Tom. This isn't the Cave; this is a shoe shop."

Van Pelt's interest in machinery returned, but Gordon's good temper did not until the visitors were gone and indeed not then, for as he stood in the doorway courteously seeing the last of them he saw Van Pelt wave the victor he was about to put on at one of the factory windows and Gordon knew that a girl responded.

The young machinist's suspicions were confirmed when returning to the girls' work room he beheld Myra, Frank and Stude Webster standing at a window and saw Frank wave her hand to some one in the street. He approached the window and saw the automobile moving slowly.

"It's just a dandy fine machine," cried Frank.

"It's a Mercedes," said Gordon and the girls turned with little screams of surprise.

"Gordon!" Stude and Frank said in a breath, "who was he?"

Myra gazed after the machine and he betrayed no interest in Gordon's biography of the candidate, until he said: "He don't get my support."

"Why?" she asked, amused by his vehemence.

"Why? You're why," and with enigmatical explanation he strode away, no happier for the laughter of the girls which followed him.

Had you known Clark Van Pelt you would not need to be told that he was wearing in his automobile at five the next morning, 100 feet north of the door, through which Myra must emerge, and there she found him.

Surprise stilled her tongue, but she dashed longer with the temptation to ride which he offered than she had on yesterday.

"You should not come here," she said, and tried to be indignant, but the big



"Yes, Myra is my name. My aunt says it means 'sorrow,' but Dr. Brookes said it is only the name of a city in the Bible."

machine buzzed as impatiently and the rugs looked so warm and Van Pelt was so pleasant she weakly yielded and took the seat beside him and howling wind, it was a moment before she replied, and then she said simply:

"My name is Myra. My aunt says it means 'sorrow,' but Dr. Brookes said it is only the name of a city in the Bible."

"I know your shop now," he said, and I'll get you there at 1 minutes of 7, but before that will see half of North St. Louis. Soon they were fairly flying over St. Louis avenue, which in the early cold of the morning showed only an occasional street car and few wagons that need not be feared with Van Pelt managing the steering gear.

"So your name is Myra," he said. "I never heard the name before."

She was lost in the wonder of the machine's speed and her own sensation of ease, warmth and security in the midst of the roaring machinery, howling wind, it was a moment before she replied, and then she said simply:

"My name is Myra. My aunt says it means 'sorrow,' but Dr. Brookes said it is only the name of a city in the Bible."

"It must be the place that myrrh comes from," he said, but she did not hear.

"Aunt will have it is sorrow and you thought to have heard her argue with Dr.

Brookes. I tell her she is so set on it that she won't be happy until some father sorrow comes to me. Mother says great found the name in some book; maybe it was in the Bible as Dr. Brookes says, but I could never—"

A roar as of a thousand cannon sounded in her ears; the automobile seemed suddenly to gain the velocity of a cannon ball. It rose from the earth to an enormous height. A great weight oppressed her lungs. Then there was a long time of darkness, during which she thought vaguely that unless light came soon she would be late at the factory.

Presently she opened her eyes and saw some one bending over her, but she could not recognize the features. She heard him say:

"Myra, darling—oh, my darling, don't die."

She heard herself repeating—but was not conscious of making an effort to speak—"Aunt says Myra means 'sorrow.'"

To Be Continued in the Post-Dispatch Tomorrow.

THE YEAR'S FINANCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

Festus J. Wade, President Mercantile Trust Co., St. Louis, in New York Evening Post: "No city in America, with a population of 100,000 or more has as much money invested in the capital and surplus of its banks and trust companies, in ratio to its deposits, as the city of St. Louis. The combined capital of our institutions is \$20,000,000, and their deposits \$273,000,000. Chicago's combined capital is, approximately \$50,000,000, and that city's deposits \$200,000,000. During the year ending Nov. 10, our banks gained \$3,000,000 in deposits and \$40,000,000 in cash.

"The great strength of our position is the development of our financial institutions, supported by the most rapidly developing territory in the United States, the West and Southwest. Mortgages on real estate in this section of the country are becoming rare. For the past five years, the farmer has 'heard corn grow,' while in previous years he 'heard interest grow.' The development of this nation is dependent upon its tremendous agricultural and mineral resources. The great preponderance of that development is tributary to St. Louis. These are our chief elements of strength.

"The most encouraging feature of the situation in the Mississippi Valley is the wealth of the farmer, the contentment that exists among all classes of labor, the strength of our financial institutions, and the marvelous growth and development of manufacturing industries. So long as the Almighty in His infinite wisdom will bless the Mississippi Valley with abundant crops, just so long will the present unparalleled prosperity in the Western country continue. With a 2,000,000 bushel corn crop and 12,000,000 bale cotton crop, and enormous production of other agricultural products, prosperity not only to the West is assured, but to the entire country."

A Panacea.

[By Frank Grey.]

When life is hard, and you are dull and listless and distrustful.

And nerves are treacherous and unstrung, and everyone's a foe.

Don't force yourself to work it out, but fling a trace to fate.

And straightway don your coat and hat, and board a train and go!

The rumble of the wheels will drown the nagging voice of care;

The easy swaying of the coach will rock you to and fro.

And soothe your weary nerves to rest and heal their fret and wear.

Then leave your treadmill to itself, and board a train and go!

For there are rivers of delight and valleys wondrous fair.

And mountains grand in majesty and meadows green and low.

To please your eyes and cheer your heart, so slip the leash of care.

And give yourself a holiday, and board a train and go!

Your fellow-travelers may cause you many a furtive smile.

And you may see a chance to do some kindly act, and so

You'll find your heart grow light and glad with every passing mile;

If you would prove the truth of this, just board a train and go!

—From Four-Track News for January.

Latest Returns.

Drummer: What is the population of this town, uncle?

Uncle Rastus: Fough hund' an' a-sebenteen publican majohity, sah.

All Over Again.

With the glad new year the following old friends will in due time come out and start on their rounds over the country as in past years. We don't mind giving them a shove.

Conductor: Did I get your fare?

Passenger: I think you did. I didn't hear you ring it up.

No. Maid, dear: washing clothes in stationary tubs don't prevent the colors from running.

Wigs: I don't believe that art pays, no wig.

Wags: Well, I know artists don't.

Blotches: Borrowers says he owes you a shude.

Blotches: I wish that was all Borrowers owed me.

Grays: They tell me she's not a bit pretty. What does she look like, anyhow?

Glads: Well, my dear, she resembles you as much as anybody I know.

Wool: How do you go to work to tell the age of a hen?

Van Pelt: By the teeth.

Wool: A hen hasn't any teeth. You didn't!

Van Pelt: No, but I have.

A countryman wished to advertise the death of a relative. "What is your charge?" he asked the clerk in the advertising department.

"We charge four shillings per inch."

"Oh," said the countryman. "I cannot afford that. My friend was over six feet high."

Snide Lights on Mythology.

It was 9 o'clock in the morning on Mount Olympus and the Joves were at breakfast.

"Those Americans are certainly wonderful," remarked Jupiter, looking up from the paper he had been reading. "Here's a man in Chicago who held up five citizens on one night."

"I don't think that's so much," remarked Juno, sipping her coffee. "He doesn't compare with our own Atlas, who holds up the entire earth all the time."

Is it any wonder that her husband forgot to come home for dinner that night?

Hector of the glancing helm used to make it a point to parade on top of the wall of Troy every evening and leer at the well-greased Achaean below, much to their annoyance. Finally Agamemnon, king of men; Ulysses, wise in counsel; and Achilles, goddess-born, consulted together how to put an end to the nuisance.

Next evening, when he of the glancing helm appeared, then crooked Thetis came up from the shore of the sea, and soon drew near unto Hector, Priam's son, and began to whistle:

"Where did you get that hat?"

Whereupon Hector withdrew in confusion and abandoned his insulting amusement—Chicago Journal.

Yet To Come.

Blanche Wilbur and Thomas were in the garden playing and making a great deal of noise, according to a story teller in the Eastern Lippincott.

Jack sat in a corner very quietly, which for Jack was an unusual proceeding. After watching them for some time the mother's curiosity prompted her to ask:

"What are you playing?"

"We are playing house," answered Wilbur.

"Blanche and I are the mother and father and Thomas is the child."

"And what does Jack do?"

"Sh, ah! he isn't born yet."

O, What a Mean Suggestion.

If a man be tactful, enough he may even tell the women who he honestly without offending her. He can tell her, for instance, that her baby resembles her—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

STUDENT FAST FOR SAKE OF SCIENCE

Is Seven Days in a Calorimeter, Four Days Without a Particle of Food.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Jan. 9.—In the interest of science, and to the honor of a student in the sophomore class at Wesleyan University, has been caged in an Atwater-Rosa calorimeter for seven days.

For four days of this time no food passed his lips and his sole sustenance for the last three days was one quart of milk daily. Leathers passed his time reading and sleeping.

When he came out of the calorimeter he was weak from his fast and also somewhat cramped, the inside of the box being so close that he could not sit in a chair or lie on a bed when he wished.

The experiment is one of a series being conducted by Professors W. O. Atwater and F. G. Benedict, with a grant of \$500 received from the Carnegie institute fund, the object being to determine the amount of oxygen used by the human body under different conditions of diet, work and rest.

COAL FINDS CANCEL ENTRIES

Thousands of Colorado Settlers Will Lose Homes as Result of Government Inquiry.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 9.—Thousands of settlers on desert land in North Park will be compelled soon to cancel their entries, as it has been discovered by Special Land Agent J. F. Jenal, who has returned to Denver from extensive investigation of that region, that almost the whole of North Park is underlain by a blanket formation of valuable marketable coal, and is therefore coal land and is open to entry as such.

The attention of that region by the government has been directed to that region by the large number of applications for desert land made there. The recent application, made by persons who knew of the coal deposits and hoped to profit thereby. An investigation followed, and it may result directly in the opening up of the largest coal bed in the state.

Illinois Man Found Frozen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 9.—Christian Science Monitor.

A man, about 40 years of age, was found in a ditch in the northern part of the city.

DOUBLES ARE HELD FOR SAME CRIMES

Two Suspects Arrested for New York Robberies Puzzle Police by Resemblance.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—In a Tomba cell a well-educated young man of good family and a hitherto unblemished reputation, held on a charge of robbery by which upper West Side residents have lost \$20,000 worth of property within a few months.

The experiment is one of a series being conducted by Professors W. O. Atwater and F. G. Benedict, with a grant of \$500 received from the Carnegie institute fund, the object being to determine the amount of oxygen used by the human body under different conditions of diet, work and rest.

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417 MEN AND BOYS ARE AT WORK TODAY

As a result of reading the Help Wanted columns in the great Sunday Post-Dispatch Want Directory. St. Louis' best employment bureau.

"First in Everything."

DR. TYRRELL READS RUBAIAT.

Former Mount Cabanne Pastor Surprises Hearers at Sermon.

Rev. Frank G. Tyrrell, former pastor of the Mount Cabanne Church, delivered the first of a series of lecture-sermons at the Odeon Sunday, and created a sensation of surprise when between hymns he repeated part of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, beginning with the verse:

"Alike, awake, a slumbering soul."

Immediately after, Dr. Tyrrell read from the "Palms of a more solemn manner."

"A Race of Kings" was the subject of the sermon, and Dr. Tyrrell, as he delivered the authority of the scriptures, of nature and the achievements of man to prove that all are children of God, and that "our heredity is from God."

He spoke of the difference of the creation of man and the animals of the earth, and said that man can never get beyond the limit of his heredity.

Dr. Tyrrell announced that the sermon-lecture would be delivered at 8 o'clock each Sunday afternoon, and that they would not conflict with the services of the churches.

WAS MISSING MAN "JEKYL AND HYDE?"

Life of Omen Kelly Declared to Have Rivalled That of Stevenson's Strange Creation.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—Rivaling Robert Louis Stevenson's weird tale of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the true story, it is asserted, of the life and character, eccentricities and disappearances of Owen Kelly of Philadelphia, a churchworker, temperance leader and manufacturer, now living in his Philadelphia home for weeks.

Although supposed to be wealthy, Kelly left scarcely a penny. A bank account of the Welcomes estate tale of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr.

BOXING



JACK TAYLOR MAKES DEBUT AT FOOTBALL

Sunday's Association Games Result in Fair Exhibitions

Special interest was added to the Association football game played at Kula Park Sunday by the appearance of J. Taylor, the Cardinal pitcher, in the line of the Thistles. The Millers easily beat the Thistles in the first game by a score of 4 to 1. Taylor made the lone tally.

The line-up:

Magazines (3)	Position	Diets (1)
Gardner	Goal	McCa
T. Lynch	Fullback	Bo
Smith	Fullback	Ab

N. Devaney	Halfback	Col.
Ryan	Halfback	Col.
Zachel Reader	Halfback	Fah.
Comerford	Forward	C. Pitts
Ammons	Forward	Earl

The unexpected was the rule in the double-header played Sunday afternoon

being able to score. The Cornetts showed unusual good form and beat the Leacoe in the closing game, 2 to 1.

A three-cornered tie in the standings is the result of Sunday's games. The Cornetts are still some distance in the rear but if their form of yesterday continues they will soon be on with the other team.

It was the good work of the goalkeeper in the first game that prevented scoring. Glenison of the Sportmans was especially good. "Robbie" also played well.

Good playing by the forwards won the second game for the Cornetts. Tom McManough played with Kavanaugh's team Sunday and helped considerably. The first half ended with the score 6-0. Short after the closing half opened, Dalton put the ball through the Leacocks' goal. Tiel scored soon after and the game was over for the Cornetts. Near the close, McManough managed to tally for the Leacocks. The


Fire-UP:	Sportsman (9)	Position.	Rawlings (9)
Connors	Forward
T. Kane	Forward
Hickmeyer	Forward
Lee	Forward
Campbell	Halfback
Walsh	Halfback
Carey	Halfback
Reuter	Fullback
Roach	Fullback

Wain	Goal	Robins
Gleason		
Referee—Dick Jarret.	Time of halves—120.	
Cornetts (2).	Position.	Linebacks (3).
Time	Forward	Schrad
Dillon	Forward	Pie
Brown	Forward	Wal
Schreier	Forward	McMan
Pichel	Forward	McMill
Hale	Halfback	Stuch
Lofman	Halfback	Upk
	Halfback	Tr

McDonough Fullback Chance
T. McDonough Fullback W. Carson
Sheehan Goal Ricksteger—Run
Referee—Dick Jarrett.

RYE "IS BETTER"
Everybody Says So

R COOK
uses of Men.



Private Diseases
We cure in from 3 to 10 days, without the use of poisonous drugs.

Nervous Debility
Cured quickly and radically in 20 to 60 days, by

our own famous method.

Varicocoele

We cure without cutting
in from 2 to 10 days.

Blood Poison

Every vestige of poison
expelled from the sys-

Remove the system without aid of mercury or poisons.

Is to 2.

Is to say that nothing that is offered you a remedy, safe and sound, your system is only exposed to the action of your own.

and Slight Sts., Over King the Yellow

PERSONA

[illegible]

LESSON IN ROBBING LEADS HIM TO JAIL

Seventeen-Year-Old Youth Says
He Would Learn How
Highwaymen Worked.

EXPERIENCE COST OVERCOAT

His Companions, He Says, Showed
Him How "Strong Arm
Men" Operate.

After his first lesson in highway robbery, Oliver McPherson concluded that he would not take the full course, and applied to a policeman for advice.

The lesson cost him an overcoat and he is held at the Four Courts while his story is being investigated.

McPherson is 17 years old, and says Anderson, Ind., is his home. He says that "sticking up" people has no charms for him and that he doesn't believe he would like it as a business.

With these decisions weighing his mind he unburdened himself to Policeman Quinn at Sixth and Pine streets at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. He declared that he meant to rob no one, that he merely accompanied two would-be robbers to "see how it was done."

His friends at first urged him to assist in a "sticking up," but he declined. When he agreed to accompany them, they initiated him into the mysteries of the profession.

The demonstration occurred in an alley between Sixth and Seventh and Pine and Olive streets early Sunday morning.

"Now we'll just step in here," said one of the amateur highwaymen, "and you come along the street. We grab you like this, see?"

The pair then jerked him into the mouth of the alley and cuffed him a few times.

"But I don't want to play the victim," protested McPherson. "I thought you were going to let me watch you hold up a stranger."

"It's too late to catch any now," replied one of his companions. "Here—I'll show you how they 'strong arm' a man."

With these words he "strong armed" the young student of crime and with such realistic force that McPherson found himself at a decided disadvantage.

"When you have a victim that way," said the instructor, "it is always good policy to peel his overcoat off him, as he may get too warm from his struggles. My assistant will take charge of that part of the demonstration."

When McPherson collected his scattered wits his erstwhile friends had fled up the alley and were gone. He was cold without his overcoat, and when he saw Policeman Quinn he decided to quit the life of a highwayman.

"Boro-Formalin" (Elmer & Amend) used as tooth and mouthwash in the morning leaves mouth sweet and pure all day.

PRETENDER BURNED BY ACID.

Woman Made Mistake in Making
Believe She Would Die.

Mrs. Rose Lang, 33 years old, made the mistake of allowing some carbolic acid to get down her throat when she pretended she was attempting to end her life at 630 South Broadway, at 4 o'clock Monday morning, and now she is at the City Hospital.

Mrs. Lang pretended she wanted to die so that her husband would cease braiding her. She says she only intended to burn her lips with the poison. She did this a year ago and it succeeded so well that she thought she would try it again.



We're Cutting the Price!

Better run in and see what's doing. We've cut the price of all our \$15 and \$18 Suits and Overcoats to

\$8.50

\$20 Suits and Overcoats.....\$14.50
\$25 Suits and Overcoats.....\$19.50
\$5 Boys' Suits and Overcoats.....\$3.75
\$6 Boys' Suits and Overcoats.....\$4.50
\$10 Boys' Suits and Overcoats.....\$6.50

Mills & Averill
Broadway and Pine.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

\$5,500,000

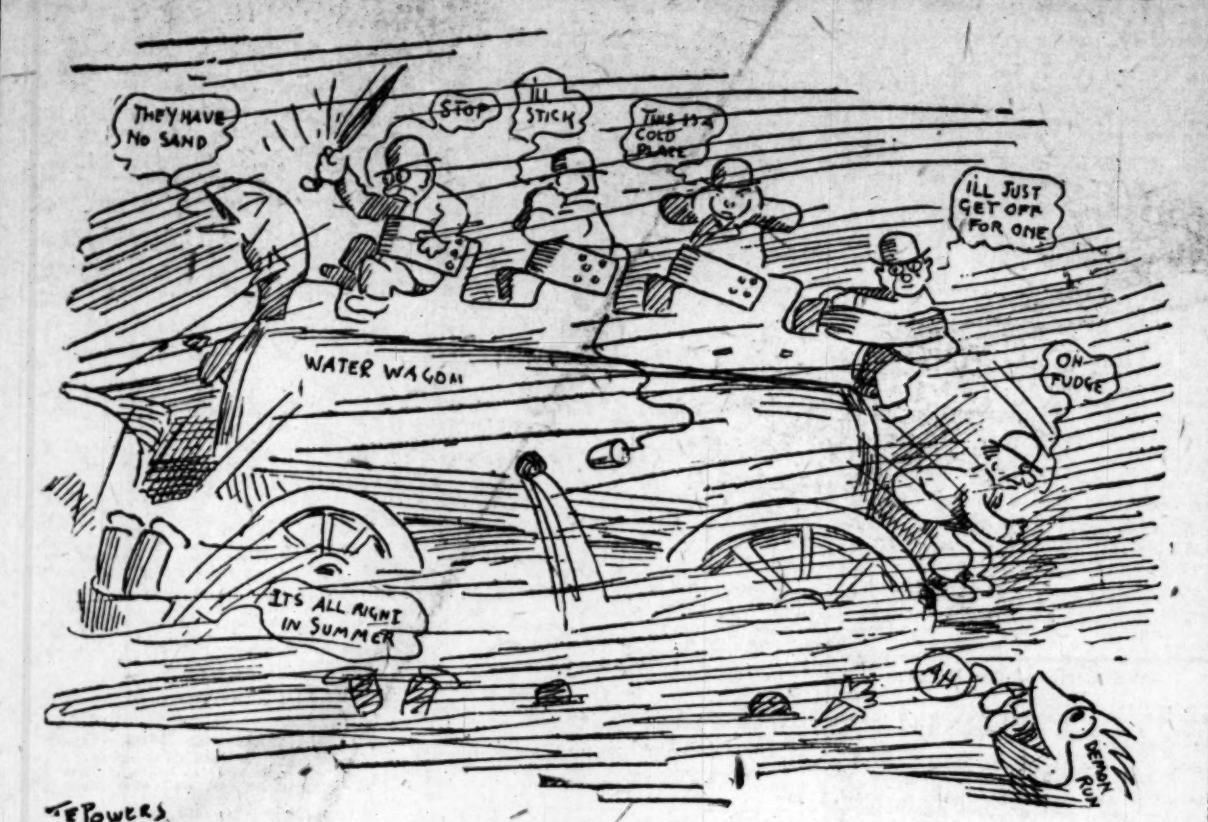
WE INVITE YOU TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT

3% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

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MONMOUTH TRUST

A STORMY DAY ON THE WATER WAGON



"FROZEN SOUP AND STEAMING SALAD FOR ANTI-TIPPING TUBBS."

Waiters Plot Revenge on Legislator Who Would Abolish
Their Fees, Declaring Patrons Could Not Be Kept
From Paying for Good Service.

If the ears of Representative Alonzo Tubbs, who has proposed a bill for the abolition of the tipping habit, do not tingle, it was not for the lack of remarks, critical, contemptuous and indignant made by what may be termed the "polite professions."

Waiters, bell boys, shoe shiners and barbers have joined in denunciation of the bill and its father.

The waiters' union held an indignation meeting Monday noon at headquarters in North Twelfth street to give Dr. Tubbs a hot shot on the subject of tip abolishing.

"Why, it's laughable," remarked a head waiter at the Planters' Hotel. "Tubbs is laying up for himself a bad time. He'll get some 'bum' dinners before he's through. If he comes to St. Louis they won't do a thing to him. His soup will be frozen and his salad will be on the steam. Tubbs will be tired of reforming before his bill is read."

"In France waiters pay 10 francs a night to be allowed to wait and you doubt the wages of any waiter in this city in a first-class house, he would prefer the old system. A waiter gets \$30 to \$35 a month and often makes another hundred on top of that."

At the Jefferson the opinion was the same.

"We are not paying any attention to that," say the waiters there, "except to laugh at it. That's just foolishness. That's hayseed talk. If a man don't know the difference between good service and bad why let him keep his tips and do without good service. Anyway it could not be enforced. A waiter won't take proper interest in his guest if he don't expect a reward."

"Marked Men Get Poor Dinners."

"A waiter sizes his guest up pretty quick and once a man gets marked, he is going to have a bad dinner. In London they tried it, but customers did not care about rules. When they were well served they shoved a coin under the waiter's plate and the waiter got it all the same. Look at club waiters, they are always on the move. You can't get them to stay. As soon as they can get a job in a hotel off they go."

"The waiters' union of Germany had tried to abolish the tipping habit, but customers would not stand for it," said William Hazen of Fausta. "When a guest has had good service he feels obliged to reward his waiter, and all the rules in the world won't stop him."

"Joe," the shoe shiner at McTague's, gasped in wide-eyed dismay when told of the proposed bill.

"Joe," he remarked, "Ain't that fierce? No more tips, an'?" and he hurried away to make hay while the sun of generosity still shone unrestricted.

"A good basis for tips," said the manager of a big hotel, "is the 10 per cent system. A guest who gives a tip of 10 per cent on his total bill is always popular. He is a 'blood,' while the man who gives ten cents whatever the size of his check is regarded as a 'stiff.'"

The 10 per cent rule is what most globe-trotters make for themselves, for the man who travels is generally a connoisseur and knows how to get good service.

Any attempt to prohibit tipping will "kill the customer" will be the first to kick. The waiter who knows no tip is coming to him is not going to hurry himself or waste his breath over politeness. But the waiter who gets his tips wants his table filled and emptied as quickly as possible, which makes his system good for the house.

"Tipping is good for the customer, good for the waiter and good for the house. If it's bad for Representative Tubbs, let him go to a quick lunch counter and get a young woman to serve him."

A young woman who cares for the modest wants of the humble members of society at a daily lunch establishment considers that an extension of the tipping habit ought to be instituted rather than a restriction.

Girl Would Like Tips, Too.

"Lots of folks come here who could afford to go to swell places, and they eat here just because they are stingy," said one. "They are afraid to face a waiter and not tip him, but they think a girl can't want tips. And O, my, they're just as impatient as if they was at the Planters' or the Scudder."

"You can run yourself to death and then they'll report you to the management if you're not as quick as they think you ought to be. Of course a few do leave something under their plates for the waiter, and then you have to look sharp or another customer will take it."

"One customer I had used to give me 50 cents at the end of each week, but he was new in town and I think the legend we ought to think about us."

A general run of waiters, however, are about as much as they can get.

MAY LEARN ORIGIN OF THE REDSKINS

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 8.—Searching for years among the ruins of old Mexican cathedrals, ancient Spanish libraries and the haunts of Mexican Indians, Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago has finally discovered cherished old volumes in Southern Mexico which are likely to revolutionize the theory of the origin of the North American Indian.

The books date back as far as 1771 and are written in the Aztec sign language. There are 200 in number, and the Midway professor has brought back about half this number to Chicago. He has not succeeded in purchasing the remainder, but has agents at work, and hopes to secure them in the course of a few months.

Having lived with Indians a large part of his life, Prof. Starr is familiar with the hieroglyphics of the Aztecs, and is now translating them. He will not give out yet the things the Aztecs say of the Indians.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Hygienic, harmless, refined, Satis Skin Face Powder bestows fascination, that much admired sunny texture. Fies, white, pink, blue.

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After-Season Values

That invite consideration of the most discriminating buyers—values that you can not afford to ignore.

For instance:

Suits and Overcoats

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\$8.70

At this exceptional price you can choose from thousands of stylish, perfect-fitting, dependably tailored garments, in all sizes to fit men and youths. We're determined to make a clean sweep of all winter stocks. That's the reason.

The MODEL

"Your Money's Worth or Money Back."

Seventh and Washington

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MAN'S OPPORTUNITY AT BOEHMER'S.

Here's a real chance for the men folk—smart modish shoes right from our standard lines cut to figures that ought to tempt any man whether he needs shoes at this time or not.

All Boehmer's bargains are just what we say they are. No blemished or old style shoes in this sale. Read a few of these prices—or better still, come in—our salesmen are obliging whether you buy or not.

DR. A. REED CUSHION SHOE
\$5.00

We have Cut Them One Dollar For a short time only, by special permission from the owners of the Dr. A. Reed patents. We will sell about 3000 pairs of Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for men and women at \$4.00 per pair. All this season's styles—perfect shoes, every one.

None real without the trade-mark stamped on the sole of every shoe. The essential and comfort-giving qualities of the Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes are covered by patents, hence all imitations are counterfeit. The thousands of visitors to our city this summer who wore and praised Dr. A. Reed's shoes show that their popularity is not confined to St. Louis. It's the universal shoe for comfort. We are exclusive agents.

DR. A. REED'S CUSHION SHOE
Applicable to the lightest and snappiest shoe demanded by the foot.

BASEMENT BARGAINS.

Down in our large, light basement can be found many bargains worth noting. If you will just take the elevator down, you can hardly tell whether or not you are in our store, because these prices speak for themselves:

Men's Colt Custom Last Lace Shoes—widths AA to D—\$3.50 value—**\$2.50**

Men's heavy double sole, Vic Kid, plain wide toe Bal **\$2.50**

Men's heavy double sole, Vic Kid, combination shoe, lace and congress combined—regular \$3.50 value—**\$2.50**

Men's Vic Kid, single sole, plain wide toe, lace and congress—regular \$3.50 value—**\$2.50**

Men's Box and Velour Calt, heavy double sole, lace shoes, size 8 to 11—regular \$3.00 value—**\$2.50**

Men's Patent Colt Buckaroo full round toe—a very dressy shoe—regular \$2.50 value—**\$2.50**

Broken lot of Men's Enamel Congress round toe—for the bargain—regular \$3.50 value—**\$2.50**

Men's Fancy Leather Slippers—regular \$1.50 and \$2.00 value—**75c**

G. H. BOEHMER SHOE CO. 410-12 N. Broadway. Open Saturday Evening Till 10.

EVERY GROCER SELLS IT

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JAVA & MOCHA

COFFEE

3 POUND AIR TIGHT CAN \$1

Hanley & Kinsella Coffee and Spice Co.

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Florida Limited

Finest and Fastest Train to

FLORIDA RESORTS

Running Through Solid to Jacksonville and St. Augustine with Dining Car and Drawing Room Sleepers

Leaves St. Louis 4:00 p. m., Daily Arrives Jacksonville 7:55 p. m.; St. Augustine 9:25 p. m.

ONLY ONE NIGHT OUT

Winter Tourist Tickets at Reduced Rates

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 206 North Broadway
Phones—Klinckhoff, B 1603; Bell, Main 3170

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

MURPHY'S RED GRAVY

Hams, Bacon and Choice Native Dried Beef.

TENDER, SWEET AND JUICY

JEREMIAH MURPHY PACKING CO.,

2315 TO 2331 MORGAN STREET.

School Boys and Girls

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

To readily BUY, SELL or EXCHANGE anything in the line of BOOKS, from a SINGLE VOLUME to a COMPLETE LIBRARY.

Read the advertisements under

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in Post-Dispatch Wants

Failing to find there what you want, advertise for it. 10 words for 25 additional word l.c. (Business announcement 10c per line.)

Advertisements receive advertisement for the Post-Dispatch at 50c.

SET IN EVERYTHING.

THE CROWN DENTAL PARLORS

300 OLIVE STREET. Opp. Postoffice.

FREE CONSULTATION, EXAMINATION AND ADVICE

Amalgam Fillings.....\$1.00
Silver Fillings.....\$1.00
Gold Fillings.....\$1.00
X-ray.....\$1.00
Dentures.....\$1.00
Teeth.....\$1.00
Guaranteed. We make teeth without pain. Pains and swelling a specialty. We give you a written guarantee for 10 years with all our work. Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

The Crown Dental Parlor
300 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN

8:17 A. M., 12:00 Noon, 9:30 & 11:00 P. M.
TO
CINCINNATI
VIA
BIG FOUR
Ticket Office, Broadway and Chestnut St.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETINGS.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Knickerbocker Hotel Co. will be held at the office of said company, No. 212 North Broadway, in the city of St. Louis, Mo., on Monday, Jan. 14, 1935, at 4 o'clock p. m. The purpose of electing thirteen (13) directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. D. W. WOODS, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—Election Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the St. Louis & Suburban Railway Co. for the election of directors, to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting will be held at the office of said company, at the Hotel Hamilton, City of St. Louis, Mo., on the 14th day of January, 1935, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. JULIUS E. WALSH, President.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pulitzer Publishing Co. will be held at the office of the company, No. 212 North Broadway, in the city of St. Louis, Mo., on Monday, Jan. 14, 1935, at 4 o'clock p. m. The purpose of electing a board of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. JOSEPH PULITZER, President.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the St. Louis Club and Swimming Co. for the election of directors and such other business as may properly come before the meeting will be held at the office of the company, at the Hotel Hamilton, City of St. Louis, Mo., on Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1935, at 8 o'clock p. m. J. J. PEPPER, President.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—Election Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Locust Light Co. for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting will be held at the office of the company, at the Hotel Hamilton, City of St. Louis, Mo., on Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1935, at 8 o'clock p. m. C. J. HANBRUN, President.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—Election Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Locust Light Co. for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting will be held at the office of the company, at the Hotel Hamilton, City of St. Louis, Mo., on Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1935, at 8 o'clock p. m. C. J. HANBRUN, President.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—Election Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Locust Light Co. for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting will be held at the office of the company, at the Hotel Hamilton, City of St. Louis, Mo., on Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1935, at 8 o'clock p. m. C. J. HANBRUN, President.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—Election Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Locust Light Co. for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting will be held at the office of the company, at the Hotel Hamilton, City of St. Louis, Mo., on Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1935, at 8 o'clock p. m. C. J. HANBRUN, President.

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